THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

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HENRY DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. HENRY PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

OLDER.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS OF THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST. SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1530.

Choice Poetry.

THE MEMORIES OF THE DEAD

Weep not for the dead!
Tay sighs and tears are unavailing;
Vainly our thee cold, dark bed
Breaks the voice of thy loud wailing
The dead, the dead, they rest;
Forever, and aside, and restless wave
No more shall storm the land,
No trouble their deep calm repose

Weep not for the dead.
But oh! weep over the those remaining,
Who bend with grief-stricken head
Over their untimely grave complaining.
The dead, the dead, are more
Shall fill our aching hearts and eyes;
Let them in peace adore
Of sweet and blessed memories.

As stars through dark skies scud,
With tender, holy light;
As tongues of ocean bells pealing
Upon the deep still night;
So on the spirit streaming,
A solemn light is shed,
And long loved tones come trooping
With memories of the dead.

As clouds drawn up to Heaven
Become in softer blooms,
Like colors which are given
Borrowed from bruised flowers;
And tranquility, with holy calming
The wounded heart's composed,
To its first gentle confidence
The memories of the dead.

Original Novelet.

SHANNONDALE;

OR,

THE NUN OF MOUNT CARMEL.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA C. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "RETRIBUTION," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma C. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLII.

DISGRACE AND THE YOUNG PRIEST OF ST. JOSEPH'S.

And over the morning sky
And shines upon that blessed day.
And church and home are filled with joy,
And its golden beams are shed
In the hearts of the baptized,
As low and continuous pouring
Of the priest her sin deploring,
In penitential tone.
The hands to hear his accents blow,
And in obedient faith on each one
Wipe our mortal stains away. *Hymn.*

"Sir, sir! Imogene, what humiliation! what shame! my poor child, what a trial!"

"Ah, mother! be made me measure the extent of my sin by the mortification it caused me to confess it!"

"My poor girl, what a degradation! would to that I could bear it for you, Imogene! Ah, unkind! what humiliation for my Imogene!"

"Mamma—mamma!" she said, gently, "mother! do not weep so! I do not feel it as you say! I feel my heart filled and warmed with a full, deep comfort, and my soul exalted by a strange, sweet trance! dear mother! it is well with thy child!"

Alas! Imogene, poor child! how well she will be the possible expiation of thy guilt?"

"I think I can divine it, mamma, when I shall have confided my act of sacrilege to my spiritual father—he will point out the expiation of the veil and the convent—"

"And then, Imogene?"

"Oh! I will accept my doom from his lips with humility, and feel a strange, sweet pleasure in enduring it! I will take the vow—and never take the veil, and that ceremony will be—our betrothal for eternity?" said Imogene, with enthusiasm.

"And thy mother, Imogene?"

Imogene looked upon the heart-broken face of bitterest anguish in which the almost bereaved mother put this question, and the young's exalted countenance grew still in a blank expression and sank deeper on her bosom.

"The Mater Dolorosa will be thy support, my Mother! Thou of Mary resigning her only, her spotless, her devoted son, to the ignominious and agonizing death of the cross for the sins of others, that will of Heaven be accomplished, to be strengthened in gone up thy erring daughter to the easy expiation of sacramental confession and prayer. Yes! and I feel—I feel that I shall

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE LEADING AND LARGEST WEEKLY IN THE UNION.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is now, beyond all denial, the leading as well as the largest Weekly Paper in the United States. Its circulation is undeniably greater than that of any other paper, of the same kind, in the Union; while its literary contents are allowed, by the best judges, to be unsurpassed. Such tales as "The Deserted Wife," "Stanzaondale," &c., &c., have placed "The Post," by almost universal admission, a "land and shoulders" above its contemporaries.

We now have the pleasure of announcing to the American public, that we have made arrangements with one of the

FIRST NOVELISTS IN AMERICA,

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, author of "RETRIBUTION," "THE DESERTED WIFE," "STANDONDALE," etc., by which the productions of her gifted pen will be secured hereafter (with the exception of an occasional story in a Washington paper)

EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mrs. Southworth, as an American novelist of great power—a rising Star in the West—has been hailed with acclamation by all those who can recognize genius as well in a native as in a foreign author. We design to commence a

NEW STORY BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

about the beginning of the year. How many stories she will be able to furnish during 1851, will depend upon the state of her health, etc.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelists, we design publishing other and shorter Novelets from authors of admitted celebrity. We have two now on hand, which we shall publish as soon as possible:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

THE TEXAN HUNTERSS, by C. W. WEBBER, Author of "Old Hicks, the Guide," "The Shot in the Eye," etc.

And much else! What the proprietors of the Post promise, they perform—or do better. They do not announce a long list of distinguished contributors with whom they have made no arrangement, and whose stories never appear. Such a system may delude an intelligent public *one* year, but it will not answer a second time. If the public are bamboozled once, it is the fault of the humbugger; if *twice*, it is their own.

In addition to such choice original articles, involving a large outlay of money, the columns of the Post will contain a great amount of Miscellaneous reading—such as the

CREAM OF THE FOREIGN PERIODICALS,

Witty and Humorous articles, Selections from the Agricultural Journals, Riddles and Conundrums, etc., etc.

REPORTS OF LECTURES—during the past year we gave the celebrated Lectures on Shakspeare by Mr. DUNN; and the instructive and interesting more of Dr. Baird upon Europe—LETTERS FROM ABROAD—GENERAL NEWS—Reports of the Markets—a Bank Note and Stock List, etc., etc.

One or more PORTRAITS of remarkable persons, or PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES are also weekly given.

A MORAL PAPER.

In conclusion, we say—as we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a strictly moral paper—and that a parent may allow it to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters. We need hardly repeat here, that the Post has done more to prevent the publication and sale of immoral works, than any half-a-dozen other papers in the land. *A careful guard shall also be kept, at heretofore, over the Advertisements*, that no improper or immoral one may obtain admittance.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may promise, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-nine years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now the *largest* list of subscribers of any paper of the same class, in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by any rival.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars one copy is sent three years. We reckon the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and, in the country, to one post-office.

4 Copies,	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10.00
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	18.00
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	25.00
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	30.00

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be obtained if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid*,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST *as a sample*, can be accommodated dated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

PHILADELPHIA EVENING POST. Among the numerous and valuable family newspapers emanating from the American press, we do not hesitate to place the POST in the very front rank. We intend to disparagement to other meritorious cotemporaries, but there are many of great merit, but this cannot be to have room for the spirited conception of its conductors, to a degree of enjoyment which places it in the first and foremost rank of its cotemporaries.—*Saturday Courier*.

By the way, we take occasion just here, to venture the opinion that there is no branch of American literature that is conducted with more tact, than that of the diffusion of useful knowledge on the shore of *Family Newspapers*. They are moving, literally in a vast volume from cannot fail to tell upon American character in times hence. They are found their way to every nook of human society; always entering a welcome for reading, and with that, a great point gained, especially with the youth. Even the children enjoying these advantages, how far more that is useful and important in the formation of character, than the mere of fictitious adventures of the past!

We could wish to see a good family newspaper, giving our preference to the Post, in every family in this republic. No parent can appropriate the sum charged for them so profitably for his children, in any other way. On the score of instruction, and pleasure unto amusement, nothing of consequence for the rest, has transpired so much to our family as the weekly visit of the Post for years past.—*Steubenville Herald*.

THE SATURDAY POST. If there are any who think they have not received their own head upon some times over, from their perusal of the Post we have yet to hear of them. The paper is elegant, dignified, moral, moderate, and commands nothing to criticise but perhaps some or six up sentimental differences. Brings a society paper and commands the purest influence.—*a great map of the American mind. Indeed the Post is characterized as a good degree by the intelligence than any other paper such which we are acquainted.* We shall not for the company of gentlemen or ladies who wish to form a club.—*Blue Ridge Farmer Marshall Times*.

MR. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, one of the best writers in the country, is engaged exclusively for the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, a paper which "takes the cap off" the rest of the large weekly papers.—*Lynn Mass. News*.

THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY POST is one of the best, if not the very best of papers for family read ing which comes to our office. Its contents are of a chaste and wholesome, in substance always also, vigorous and healthy tone. We can but like Mrs. Southworth, a lady whose productions have long since established her as a writer of no mediocre ability, as the writer of the Post.—*Rockport, Me.*

"I was a preacher' of the gospel to him, sir!"

"Sail—as I have wanted you before—you have no excuse, no hesitation, for that word."

"Sir!"

"Be mad, then."

"Yes, sail—yes—mention—yes, that's the most genteelest word; sand or rain, down low, poor, white people's link; wo—what's it, master?"

"Vacation."

"Vacation!—yes—laaaky, sir! yes—I'll remember it!"

"You must remember also, not rashly to leave my things, as you do. Never, you are a well-meaning woman, if we except a slight vein of my studies; and a sensible one, barring an overweening self-esteem; but you have certainly nearly killed your master to-day, by preaching out of time and place. There is a time for all things,' and the wise man; and the truth is to be spoken 'in due,' and the apostle."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, if you will promise never more to speak until I give you leave, I will, on my side, promise, that before the year is out, you and Ed shall be provided with a little cottage, well stocked, and a little plot of ground, with a horse, a cow, pigs, and some poultry."

The result of this affair was, that Claude Vallerenche, on returning to Red-Stone Hall, had first and wisely, new ecclesiastical ceremonial, to visit Grieve; and then going to Sacred Heart, had completed Ronald Lee's and Ellen Vallerenche's union.

But Claude Vallerenche had more than one motive for sending Winny to her father, for though it was certain that the lords one could do anything in the way of earning him or even all by his beauty for any great length of time together, yet her attendance there was a duty, and her more prominent one than any other, since the health of the invalid, and occasional suffering and redeeming influence upon the heart of the father. We have told how he lost one Winny after her illness his heart had rested, and his home had fallen at the sight of his suffering child; that he might find them loved to expect his tenderness, and his thoughts of her were accomplished by the coming calmness and sensitive of his slumbering passion for him; and his judgment was influenced by the will girl, who knew, even amid their fierce quarrels, how to turn to the weakest point. Ardenne, whom she ever actively presented to him as a heartless adventurer, who had spread out upon his daughter's affections and his own wealth and influence. And our honest squire, who had less measure of perception than existence of temper and stubbornness of will, continued to act upon that view of the case up to the time of the catastrophe. But now, under the influence of the discipline of Miss Holmes' gentle teach, and his own prolonged illness, could be lay there on his bed of sore carelessness, and not be led to deep reflection on the past, it could be faith his eyes to where his daughter sat in her arm-chair by his bedside and see his pale suffering, but uncomplaining child, tract-broken to his own thoughtlessness, and wish to have that broken heart, and, if possible, to give it happiness?

(CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

Clippings.

[From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE LOTTERY.

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

"Ah, Mr. Ellis, I am glad to see you! I have been wishing for you all the morning. I have a favor to ask of you."

"Command me, Mrs. Lee."

"Thank you. I am going to the lottery this afternoon, and I want you to go with me."

"Certainly, madam, I will be happy to attend you."

"Thank you. Be ready at three o'clock, then. I will call for you."

"I will be ready, madam."

"Good morning, Mr. Ellis."

"Good morning, Mrs. Lee."

Mrs. Lee left the office of her lawyer, and walked down the street. She was a widow lady, about forty years of age, and had been left in possession of a large property by the will of her husband. She was a woman of strong passions, and had been a slave to them all her life. She had been a slave to her passion for gambling, and had squandered a large portion of her property at the gaming table. She had been a slave to her passion for dress, and had squandered a large portion of her property in extravagant display. She had been a slave to her passion for pleasure, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the pursuit of it. She had been a slave to her passion for power, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the exercise of it. She had been a slave to her passion for revenge, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the gratification of it. She had been a slave to her passion for love, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the indulgence of it. She had been a slave to her passion for hatred, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the exercise of it. She had been a slave to her passion for ambition, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the attainment of it. She had been a slave to her passion for avarice, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the accumulation of it. She had been a slave to her passion for vanity, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the display of it. She had been a slave to her passion for envy, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the destruction of it. She had been a slave to her passion for hypocrisy, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the concealment of it. She had been a slave to her passion for deception, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the practice of it. She had been a slave to her passion for cunning, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the exercise of it. She had been a slave to her passion for folly, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the indulgence of it. She had been a slave to her passion for madness, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the exercise of it. She had been a slave to her passion for wickedness, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the commission of it. She had been a slave to her passion for misery, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the enjoyment of it. She had been a slave to her passion for death, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the pursuit of it. She had been a slave to her passion for hell, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the attainment of it. She had been a slave to her passion for damnation, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the acquisition of it. She had been a slave to her passion for eternity, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the possession of it. She had been a slave to her passion for time, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the enjoyment of it. She had been a slave to her passion for life, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the preservation of it. She had been a slave to her passion for death, and had squandered a large portion of her property in the destruction

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Pamphlets, Cards, Bill Heads, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

A REMINISCENCE.

Some years ago, a certain newspaper publisher of this city, (who has since retired from the business in disgust,) got out an extra edition of his paper, about twice the usual size, and sent it all over the country as a sample of his paper. He may have offered either "great inducements," for all we know, in the way of "premiums," &c. The consequence was that he got in a good many subscribers, and more ready money than he probably ever had before at once. His purpose was answered—the relief of pressing and immediate wants—which reconciled him to the indications of those whom he had so grievously deceived. Another consequence was, however, his ultimate retiring from the business in disgust. These reminiscences will be instructive for the rather to ponder over, just about this time.

A CAPITAL HIT.

A corre-pondent of the Ledger, gives the following capital hit at physicians, in the matter of writing their prescriptions in Latin, or what passes for such:

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

A writer in your paper, a few days since, expressed a wish that physicians would write their prescriptions in English, instead of Latin. I hope that wish will happen, at least in this city, in a great country. It is well known to you, and if not to them, all the apothecaries who put up prescriptions, find among the many prescriptions sent to them, a great number which are not to be read by no means by themselves, if they were expressed in English, who, pray, would send to an apothecary? Indeed the only people who put up prescriptions, find among the many prescriptions sent to them, a great number which are not to be read by no means by themselves, if they were expressed in English, who, pray, would send to an apothecary? Indeed the only people who would think you, knew enough of the mysteries of pharmacy to fill them would be the doctors. If they should the apothecary or his apprentice (for such is the case of three dispensing establishments out of every four) set their business to apprentices, he fumbled over the following specimens of mixed cogitation:

Rx Extract Piper. Nigr.
Hydro. Chloroid. Sol.
Acid. Gallici
Mellis despumati
Aqua Fontana
Misce—Fiat Gargarisma.
Sumat quantum libet.

The prescription, which is so much used here to cause of consultation and to most of the apothecary note throats, and which has effected so many cures in those hurried to a funeral by the Negroes in the West Indies in 1787, also by Dr. Rush in 1793, in Philadelphia, is translated by a medical student, and is commonly imposed on all the natives, I every family, and every body walk with the knowledge of the chemical and direct Berry, the cook, to put it up. Betsy would be translated by the student as follows, to wit, that if the physician would remain to read it to help, or Betsy to get over reading, would it to English, what would the cook say then? See if in print, she can make out:

Recipe—Red Pepper
Vinegar
Honey
Water
Mix—Make into a syrup
Directions—Use when necessary

Now such a physician smashes the dignity and write such a prescription in English? I, for one, think not. I think that the public have a right to know that this submit to be perhaps laughed at. Well, suppose a physician should prescribe the following for a patient, whose case was one of simple cholera morbus, would the following recipe is often used in such cases.

Rx Compound Tincture of Lavender
Spts. Hartshorn
Camphor
Mix—Make into a mixture
Directions—Use when necessary

Who among the patients would not crave their physician, at least the last, if it was known that the ingredients were

Rum
Brandy
Cream, sufficient quantity to mean
Sugar, ditto

I hope your intimator, or whoever he may be, will not that urge his plea any longer, to the detriment of many of the medical profession.

MEDICUS.

Gen. Secret.—The name of General Smith, as the Whig candidate for the Governorship of Kentucky silently brought out at the late Clayton Festival in Washington. Mr. Clayton, in calling on for a sketch of Smith's services, gave an eloquent summary of his brave career, but take it therefore, that Scott is to be the nominee candidate of the Clayton portion of the Whig party.

Congressional Majorities.—The Whig majority in New York on the Congressional ticket is over 5,000. Democratic majority on the same ticket in New Jersey, is just about the same.

Roads or Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 310—adults 151, and children 159.

Miscellaneous.

A VALUABLE GIFT.

Once upon a time, at the gathering of "the fairies" at Bleecker Street, the Misses Bunkum, William Follett, and Mr. George Stephenson, were among the guests assembled. Mr. Stephenson occupied the head of the table, and was seated at the same table with the expounder of new notions on circulation, (better known as the inventor of the celestial cullions). Mr. Stephenson disputed the merits of Perseverance as winged, and Dr. Buckland defended them; and Mr. Follett, who hated the arguments of his opponent with such fervor, found his fellow-countryman, Stephenson, an his adversary with as much apparent ease as one of the emperor's men in the battle of Marengo exhibit, when the engine was going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, the engineer can tell that he was mounted, and consequently being pleasantly and politely "choked," the attack he made to recommend his opponent's views to suggestion the pain of his wounds. Although it was but a trifling wound, it was one that incidentally irritated, and kept but little that night. Mr. Follett was up next morning, and was not at all the longer in the spacious dining-room in Mr. Mason. He had not taken many turns on the Bleecker Street Mr. Stephenson made his appearance. His first salutation was

"George, you made a great deal of pretend last night."

"I have a strong suspicion of that kind, myself, Sir William," replied Mr. Stephenson, "but I am convinced I was right after all."

"Well, I am glad you think so," said Follett, "but you cannot tell. I never heard such a boughts. You were full of facts and figures—and Buckland had only ingenuity and assertion to oppose to your facts. He ought to be a stand still because you had no chance."

"By William, I am an lawyer!"

"Yes, I know you have been in this silence, and now, before we are called to breakfast, report to me the whole history of it."

Mr. Stephenson did as Sir William wished. He first explained the principle of the locomotive, the operation of electricity, the nature of latent, the position of atmosphere.

"That will do," said Sir William. "Now, let dinner-bell, and your tongue; leave Buckland to me."

After dinner, Dr. Buckland, excited by the triumph of the evening, began to expound his favored mineralogy. Sir William, in the gentlest way, could not make a controversy, could not be a disputant as effectually as the professor has excitement. Dr. Buckland was in the midst of his lecture when Sir William stopped the encounter: no one was disappointed, for the professor was in the full vein unopposed, "George what do you think now?"

"Think?" replied Mr. Stephenson. "I think there is nothing on earth, or in it, like the gravel of the gift."

Humor of Jenny Lind.—A personal friend of Miss Lind informs us that she is remarkably tongue-tied on all things, carefully avoiding all stimulants of every description. She is so retiring in her nature, before every morning regularly, washes and scrubs herself with a coarse towel, and she always dresses with a view to comfort rather than show. Indeed, altogether she is a lady who has perhaps fewer of the pleasant fool, using much fruit. Her attitudes are of the modest genteelest in her temperament which she considers from having occasion to commit a physician."

The average stature of Englishmen is five feet seven and a half inches.

Cashmere shawls take a long time to make. A shawl is often in the frame more than a year.

Ancient Right Use Gone.—Anecdotal: Daily in living near Gonzales, Texas, at the age of one hundred and five years, and in good health. He served Britain in the Revolution. We respectfully salute him.

Jenny Lind's Wealth.—A correspondent of the Home Journal, says that Jenny Lind pays $4,500 annually under the English Income Tax. She has invested in the British three per cents, about $750 000. Her annual income, therefore, from that source alone, is $22,500. He states that she has given away in charity, about $70,000; $400,000, as nearly as can be estimated. $27,000 of this was given in England; $3,000 in Edinburgh. In Edinburgh she gave five concerts at a guinea a ticket. On the first four she cleared $2,000 each, and on the fifth, an additional $3,000, which was devoted to charitable purposes. He estimates the entire amount of her property at $1,500,000.

A correspondent of the New York Express, alluding to the high price of the tickets to Jenny Lind's concerts, says that Mr. Barnum pays Jenny a thousand dollars per night, at all events, and believes the drama of the profits. He also pays $300 per night for the Hall, $50,000 per year to Benedict, $15,000 a year to Belletti, with all the expenses of travel of every kind, servants, orchestra, &c. The nightly expenses are estimated to range between $2,500 and $3,000. Admit this, and also admit that Trypher will not receive $50,000 per night, and that, at an average of $3, the lowest price thus far, would yield $30 per night, and therefore leave an immense profit (about $9,000.)

Clippings.

"A Dead as a Herring."—The herring is a delicate fish. Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have recovered to life, it soon dies. Hence the proverb—"dead as a herring." Hence the proverb—"dead as a herring."

Gentlemen, a bid, gentlemen—some one start the cart—do give us a bid, if you please—anything to start the cart."

A Yankee auctioneer, who stood in the cart he was endeavoring to sell.

"Gentlemen, a bid, if you please—do!"

"If dat's all you wants, I'll start her for you," exclaimed a load-hooked countryman, stepping his shoulder to the cart wheel, and the cart a sudden push forward, tumbled the auctioneer sprawling in the mud. The auctioneer regained his feet, the countryman his load.

The mode of salutation by taking off the hat, is, we believe, a remnant of ancient chivalry. The knights

"Sir, I am a knight, and would raise visors of their helmets, that they might recognize each other."

Some persons who have returned from California, with empty purses, say that the country "Hell Burnish."

We once heard of a man who was reduced to such extremities that he was forced to advertise, in some London paper, that he would hang himself, on a certain day, at some well-known place, for the benefit of his wife and children. A gentleman, one day, called

"Sir, I have a friend who is desirous of committing suicide, and I am anxious to prevent him. Will you oblige me with the name of the place where you intend to perform the melancholy act?"

"Sir, I am a Scotchman, and long since, contented myself by drowning. As the body could not be found, the Coroner held an inquest, and the usual jury, found on the back of the inquisition—"Found simply."

A celebrated writer on the night, says that wearing nails prematurely, weakness many of the eye to adjust itself to the countless white objects which surround it, and produces a kind of dimness, which is perhaps laughed by many and here with nails.

The Tennessee delegates have all returned home, and the Nashville Convention is now a thing of the past. The Convention, Messrs. A. O. W. Brown, Nicholson and Donelson, do not appear to have created any very considerable excitement, should beware of biting their pretty eyes and here with nails.

The vote was taken on the previous question, and the Compromise resolutions were carried, leaving on the report as amended, it was disagreed, by delegates from all the Southern States, voting in the affirmative, in the negative.

Mr. Meek, of Alabama, moved for a reconsideration of the vote on the adoption of the report, which was

Selected Poetry.

OH! SING TO ME SOFTLY, MY SISTER.

BY MRS. E. S. NICHOLS.

Oh! sing to me softly, my sister,
And recall me on darkling to night,
For my soul is encompassed by darkness,
And this the beginning of night!

I walk in life's valley of shadows,
Where the darkness' low caverns are still,
Where swiftly through gray mist and vapor,
Are gliding pale phantoms of ill—

The vapour, like the same thread of silver,
That winds through the still grassy lane,
Shall soon hover o'er love's silver chamber,
And wrathe their serene again!

Far away from the clouds of the present,
In the King of heaven's still land,
What visions of peace and of beauty,
Shall my spirit of sadness behold!

There more I will rove with sweet fairies,
And think the sweet thoughts of a child—
There most I will gather Truth's rose,
The fairer because they are wild.

And the light which I know is ancestral,
That shone on young life's dewy hour,
Shall send from its cherysolite portal,
And brighten her ancestry's bower.

Then sing to me softly, my sister,
And pour out my heart to me wives,
Till I dream that the beautiful voices
Of childhood are singing again.

So my heart shall have better and purer,
And strength to us both shall be given,
To walk out a glorious existence,
And sing with our children to Heaven.

The Other Side.

THE MORMONS AND THEIR CITY OF REFUGE.

[There have been several accounts published in the papers, of the "conversion" (as it has been termed), suffered by the Mormons in the Western States. Among others, the poet Whittier, in an elaborate article in the "National Era," expresses his sympathy for this sect of deluded religionists. We are not of these, who would rather believe that their own contymmen have acted cruelly, than be convinced of the reverse—having always had considerable faith in the justice of our own people, as compared with that of any other community—and, therefore, we have been always inclined to believe, that the Mormons were not driven from their homes, entirely without good cause. In confirmation of this opinion, we lay before our readers the following letter of a Western correspondent of the "Era," upon the aforesaid article of Mr. Whittier.—*Ed. Nat. Era. Pens.*]

Our friend "J. G. W." is not infallible, neither is he, I perceive, fully acquainted with the subject of which he treats. He has not held his residence in Jackson and surrounding counties in Missouri, nor is likewise conversant with circumstances. Had he been a neighbor to the Mormons in those counties, I could not imagine of justice would have dictated a different conclusion, regarding some of the facts connected with their unhappy expulsion from those two States. The writer has been in the State of Illinois now twenty years, and his residence has been adjacent to the Mormon difficulties, and he must be well qualified to judge of the right and wrong of the matter as our esteemed Maccachusetts friend; and let no one else, more accustomed to write to the public, should feel disposed to correct a few mistakes in the article alluded to, I attempt to do it in my plain and homely way.

When the expulsion from Missouri occurred, in the winter of 1838-9, all-havin concerning the affair were given before the civil authorities of Missouri, and filed, and forwarded, and published by the Senate of the United States. The sympathies of Illinois were elicited on the occasion, and as the fugitives fled across the Mississippi to our State, they were met by the hospitalities of the people, and sheltered, and fed, and clothed. A large number arrived opposite Quincy in February and March, when the ice in the river was running so fast they were obliged to encamp in the open woods, without shelter or shelter. The citizens of Quincy, in the honor of humanities, of christianity and humanity, expressed their abhorrence and detestation of the principles of the authors of their calamity, and entered on a course of vigorous and systematic efforts to relieve their necessities, and protect her their future wants." As a community, we tell that they had been outraged in our sister State, and they were welcome to our borders. Had they taken up their abode among us, like other emigrants, they would now, doubtless, be enjoying our privileges in common with others; but this was not according to the genius of Mormonism. Their homes lonely, too South, since a stake at Nauvoo, and there gathered his followers. He had fully resided over their consciences, and regained all their religious and political acts. Party spirit was a powerful engine at the time among our public men. The vote of the Mormons would weigh heavily in one or the other of the scales of political strife, and, of course, each was anxious to conciliate those who perhaps held or would hold the balance of power. Joe Smith applied to our legislature for municipal charters, all of which he obtained without modification. Some of them were of an extraordinary character for a sober, judicious legislative body to grant. One incorporated their city with peculiar privileges," another incorporated a standing army, under the name of the Nauvoo Legion; a third for a company to build a temple worth $10,000; a fourth for a company to build a tavern house of the same value; another for a nunnery; and a sixth for a manufacturing company. These privileges, thus granted, placed them above all other communities in the State, and the writer of this article, knowing the mischief that the legislature had granted them, made the remark to his friends, as well as 1841, "These charters will end in bloodshed!"

As they gathered from various points in the Union, and from England, even, to this interesting city, they soon obtained accendancy over the other inhabitants of the county, and controlled the election of all county officers. Every man in office was a Mormon or a Mormon tool. Now had any other religious sect assumed the management of political power, the community would have regarded them with a suspicious eye, as why should they not also? Would that the had been all! Would that they "officers in been peace, and their carnivore righteousness"? They had been still the happy possessors of their beautiful city! But the inhabitants of Hancock County were found, to their sorrow that the same complaints, once against these same people on, and which was the ostensible reason for their expulsion from Missouri, were still chargeable on them. Their prophet and leader insolent taught them that they were the Lord's people, that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and that it all belongs to them. All true, there was a sufficient number among them to act on that principle; and depredations upon dependents followed the property of the citizens, till none held his rights secure. These cattle and fence swine would disappear from their pastures, and their hen-roost and their tools from their out-house. Nothing was safe. If any man presented on proof sufficient to convict in a court of justice, they had the shield, the justice, the consolation, and the pardon, and no conviction could be obtained.

Such was the condition of Hancock County, and that county was not the only sufferer. The Lord's people did not confine themselves to Nauvoo, or Hancock County. They were scattered almost among us, and we had all come to feel that we must place no confidence in a Mormon. He would be a good neighbor, and God really till he had joy in his heart, then you were safe to ten, and the Mormon was in Nauvoo—verily, the "a city of refuge"!! Such has been the experience of hundreds, the inhabitants of Hancock County. And what could the old settlers of that county do? They could take the remains of their personal property, and migrate to other parts, in penury and distress. Their farms they could not sell but to Mormons, and at their own price. They were in a desperate case. And since they could not get redress at "law," they took the case into their own hands. *Very true* in their might, and determined to defend their property and their homes. And who were they? An organization a community as to any other county in the State, and I hope our friend does not think we are of " the bleeding and unmanly remains of the Hancock valley," for such are his own words. *No, sir*, no good men as necessarily bleeding, as the record runs in the Revolutionary struggle, to defend the rights that they could not otherwise retain. Nor could they have conducted successfully, and not the friends of order and peace from surrounding counties volunteered for their assistance. It was a common cause. And her any man to assert or insinuate that the Mormons were persecuted here for their religion, is a gross, though it may be an ignorant slander, unless ignorance, baseness, and the *personal only system* are the religion of the sect. Then were "those abominations or notorious of worship not built, which were made the excuse of a new Christian crusade on a part of the Southern and peaceable community of the Mississippi valley."

One friend quotes from a "brilliant discourse before the Pennsylvania Historical Society," and says he derives "many of the materials of his sketch" from it. If such is the character of history, I, for one, can put no trust in its records. Our friend again says, "the author of Le Discourse before us, denies emphatically the charges which have been preferred against their banished people of idle, lewdness, and of idleness." Their regard for law, and their devotion to Constitutional Government." His credit will not blind the eyes of ten thousand witnesses to the existence of both, pressing the contrary. We have those in our families who left Nauvoo, and father and mother and friends, and cast them, before open strangers, rather than be subject to insults from those of high standing in the church. Parody. We feel that a poem has been spread around us, that to this day rankles and festers among our population!

But the Mormons suffered—yes, extremely. The expulsion was cruel in its effects on individuals. It is as in all the dispensations of persecution. The innocent suffer with the guilty. But we are not charged with plundering sheep. They were permitted to take all they had; and the sympathies of the people, that responded anew to their departure, and clothing and provisions and medicine to the destitute and sick—and the little child of poverty, a generous friend to Hancock, while they in public meeting felt constrained to guard against an access of population from their sister city, Nauvoo, made a contribution of some five to seven hundred dollars, to help them on their pilgrimage. Probably no county in the State of Illinois would have dealt more mercifully with them than did the county that determined on their expulsion. That every act of the expelling power was the most judicious county chosen, or most kindly steerings, would indeed be a wonder, in such scenes of excitement. And we need not doubt, that whoever was earnest prayer for their best welfare followed them from the line of many who had been unjustly engaged in the "mob violence" that "expelled" them "from Illinois."

To the article under review, we do not feel called had little balance for preparation for their long journey." &c. The first campaign against them closed with an agreement with the leaders that they would leave the State as soon as the opening of the next spring would permit; "as soon as the grass grew" " and a small army force was left on the ground, to secure peace to both parties. But the spring came, and the Mormons were not gone. The "grass grew" was not fulfilled; and if "many miles of open prairie were allowed them," it was a generous one, and remorseless as that which hunted the Hugenots from France."

These best acquainted with the Mormons, as a people, would not expect, in them, a decisive answer yes, and I cannot (I'll be charged with the friends from the Territory of Utah, unless Mormonism, in its transit from Illinois to there, has become regenerated. Had our friend only expressed his favorable opinions of that people, and thrown as much as 10 to 1 against all the injured and outraged community, the foregoing decision would not have been needed; but there can be no clearer notice to all, and a fair investigation of the history of their persecutions, to reject many false views of them, and of others.

Yours, for truth and justice, W.
Adams County, Illinois.

Miscellaneous.

AFFECTING STORY.

The following touching story is told in a recent number of the *Home Journal*:

Every one who has visited Washington, I suppose, has spent half an hour before the picture of the embarkation of the Pilgrims, which hangs in the Rotunda. Painters have told me that it is the best picture here; and certainly, without pretensions in that of technique, merely, have conceived it to be high and nightly heritage for many words, from some of its figures and groupings.

The tender sadness on the weak face of the young mother, the high, and lovely self-reliance that of her mother beautiful, with all its wonderful, resilient hopefulness, in the bright face of her sturdy husband, the quiet, thoughtful air of her always farmery in the sailiness of objects beautiful to themselves—with the prophet-like and stately figure of Lady Winslow, and the proud, soldierly seeming of the handsome Miles Standish.

But it is, I believe, the exquisite countenance of Rose, the gentle and lovely child, for whose irresponsible eyes spreads the whole new world of promise and adventure, that most fills me as whose forehead rest some rays from the far-off crown of martyr-dom—that elected heritage of consecration and sacrifice, that most touches and engages all hearts, concerning, in a measure, the whole picture. Here is the type of what we keep its throne, "a thing of beauty," and "a joy forever."

Mr. Weir, the artist, received, as perhaps all fond readers know, ten thousand dollars from the Government for this picture. The engraving of it, I noted, sixteen, for the use of his three beloved children, and for the use of his three beloved boys! It was his last to survive them all. Seven years ago, I was a companion to build a temple worth $10,000; a fourth for a company to build a tavern house of the same value; another for a nunnery; and a sixth for a manufacturing company. These privileges, thus granted, placed them above all other communities in the State, and the writer of this article, knowing the mischief that the legislature had granted them, made the remark to his friends, as well as 1841, "These charters will end in bloodshed!"

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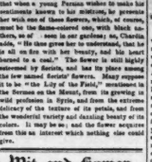
Traitor.—The title is a native of the Levant, and of many of the Eastern countries. Though common in Persia, it is highly esteemed, and considered an emblem of love. Claudia tells us, that when a young Persian wishes to make his sentiments known to his mistress, he presents her with an ear of these flowers, which, of course, must be the flame-colored one, with black borders, as of soot in our gardens; so, Claudia adds, "He thus gives her to understand, that he is all on fire with her beauty, and his heart reduced to a coal." The flower is also highly esteemed by Sanscrit, and has its place among the love names of Persian lovers. It is supposed it to be "the Lily of the Field," mentioned in the sacred writings. The flower, in its growing is well profusion in Syria, and from the extreme delicacy of the texture of its petals, and from the wonderful variety and dazzling beauty of its colors. It may be so: and the flower acquires from this an interest which nothing else could give.

Wit and Humor.



TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

We had the honor, yesterday, of conversing with an old man who is in the pursuit of a servant under difficulties. She related to us some of her troubles, to which our sympathies were excited by her narrative:

"I have just now," said she, "had an interview with a candidate for my service, who called out to see if her house. She is as from girl, very tall and coarse, with a very masculine voice. She fixed her arms akimbo, and looked at me with a benignant air, while I humbly represented my situation to her."

"This it's a woman. you want to cook and make herself useful in general," said she.

The lady indicated her assent.

"This it's general that'll state ye, if the pay's enough."

The pay, the lady replied, should be liberal, and it was for the girl to name her own price.

"Tin dollars the month," said she, "is what I get. I was well I don't like to be put to many things to one mind, I may take less from you, since the children have got five of them, or Faith an' they'll have to demane themselves since this, and what does your good man tak to eat? A chick, eh? Oh, this it's cake and tatty that he is, no doubt. But let us be understood from the start, I won't wash, I'll not be having any objections in a body's keeping company with the boys, for I'm a woman by no means fond of her lately I lived was held me 5 months because I refused to have the dare the people tought I was her sweetheart."

The lady assured her she would have no fear on that score.

"Oh-wow, this, I'll make a few inquiries about you, and if I come I'll be out Monday." And so she dismissed the lady, greatly to the relief of the latter, who said she could never have a servant who had any more "it" morewit" might never come to here: "for," said she, "I like nothing so much as the quiet of my own house, save to tell her that she will not suit me!"

Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I'm the LETTER." "Gadzuk! Sneaks was a very singular genius; he was forever complaining, and as he was a poet, he could do nothing else to entertain his friends with an account of his ill health. The last time I stopped to see Sneaks he was very ill indeed; and although I had been accustomed to his complaints, I was much surprised to find him expect to hear of a new disease coming upon him. I had known him for years, and thought that fresh is better to. But, as I stepped in, I said, as usual—

"How are you, to-day, Mr. Sneaks?"

"I'm worse, a great deal worse, than I was last week, or the week before. I feel very bad."

"Well, what seems to be the matter of the complaint?"

"Why, I've got the lethargy."

"Why, what is the matter with Mr. Sneaks?" we inquired.

"Oh, my, you'll soon know if you'd been afflicted as I have been. It's always with me as the sun is getting sooner. My Uncle Jones was troubled with it, and died of it, and I've carried him off. I shall die of it, one of these days, I'm sure of it. I don't think I'll see the summer out."

"Had you called a better call in a physician?" I suggested, by way of consolation.

"No," said the indignant Sneaks, "the doctors don't know what ails me. I'm sure they say is, 'take air and exercise,' because of their small practice. I believe they are jealous of me whose profound real some rays from the far-off crown of martyr-dom—that elected heritage of consecration and sacrifice, that most touches and engages all hearts, concerning, in a measure, the whole picture. Here is the type of what we keep its throne, "a thing of beauty," and "a joy forever."

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Selected Articles.

FOSTER—THE ORIGINAL OF COOPER'S "LEATHER STOCKING."

You know how fascinated I was when children we were, to learn that Robinson Crusoe never really existed, but that he (or how Robinson was a very matter-of-fact stupidity, known as Alexander Selkirk. I always had a great contempt for Robinson, and Cowper d o not help it much by making him "monarch of all he surveyed." He never seemed to me to be a proper subject for a reground, and greatly distressed because he saw the character of patriarchy—one of the noblest—of what makes dear Rebecca Crusoe so delightful. I write all this because I am going to tell you about the real, true, and original Leather stocking. Now don't be offended; for the genuine man is much nearer Cooper's immortal creation, than miserable bullwhip is the precious stone. There is the Mohawk valley where I was now staying with Gen. S.'s relatives for a few days; I have heard a great deal about the Mohawk valley and Indian lore. His name was Foster, and he died four years since, nine miles from that. The stories they tell of his exploits in Indian fights—his exceeding adroitness as a hunter, and his knowledge of the forest—would Cooper has, they assure me, described his personal appearance very truthfully. One singular fact he had in common. Foster carried his exploits deep in the cavities between his knuckles, and could read them and tell what each one stood as if the hails were not there. To the last years of his life he never missed shooting at a bird, if one crossed his path, and so deep was the feelings of hatred towards the Indian, and love for the old man in the people of the Mohawk valley, that a jury could never be found to protect the murderer of an Indian.

A few years since, Foster, with two white companions, went to the Indian village of Canada to hunt. While there, a quarrel arose between Foster and the Indian. Foster at last placed to his rifle an' rushed out to the door saying to a thing; but the Indian turned to the other and said—

"Foster kill me—he kill me soon."

"No," was the reply of the white man, unfortunately.

But the Indian persisted in saying Foster would kill him. Hastily picking up his gun he came and pushed out into the river. As they were about to land, Foster, on the bank of the stream, the Indian pointed to it, and said—

"There he come! Foster kill me!"

His one arm laughed incredulously, but to pacify the poor fellow they placed him between them in the canoe. Immediately proceeding well Foster would not no longer them. Well, as they pushed out into the river, the Indian, who was in the bow, sprang up, and with a yell of defiance, endeavored to overturn the canoe. They succeeded in breathless silence as the true progressed, and in a few moments more the canoe was touching the opposite bank. Foster, on the bank, shouting in anxiety for his safety, as did Foster. At last the jury announced, and the Indian was acquitted by the Court-House rang with loud applause from the crowd. *Correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer and Home Journal.*

CIRCASSIAN SLAVES.

"Mr. Rowen, the American Dragoman at Constantinople, who has been accompanying the Turkish Envoy through the United States, says that the Circassian slaves are the most beautiful of the fair blast at Constantinople. Mr. R. affirms that the prices range from $600 to $10,000, according to the beauty of the female slave, and that all the slaves are sold in what is called the Circassian quarter of the city.

The above paragraph is going the rounds of the papers, and is evidently intended for the last reason to believe that the statement of Mr. Rowen was inaccurately reported, since it does not accord with the opinions of the best informed of eighteen months since, or with our own personal observation. We have seen no slaves exposed for sale, or any other slave markets in Constantinople, during a residence of more than a year, and a number of years; the latter were abolished by order of the Sultan in 1845. It is true that slaves are sometimes sold in the city, but never privately, though not secretly. There are two, or three, slave markets in Pera, and one in Stamboul. They lettered in breathless silence as the true progressed, and in a few moments more the canoe was touching the opposite bank. Foster, on the bank, shouting in anxiety for his safety, as did Foster. At last the jury announced, and the Indian was acquitted by the Court-House rang with loud applause from the crowd. *Correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer and Home Journal.*

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After the delivery of a lecture, the professor said: "Gentlemen, to-morrow I shall have the pleasure of discussing a body before you." He was about to have that satisfaction this afternoon, and understanding that some were desirous of attending, he gave out word that Monsieur would style a "devil body." By the appointed hour the room was filled to the doors, and the professor, entering his table behind him, and wearing a mischievous smile, began to unfold the mysteries of worship, which he named the "Church of the Holy Innocents." Other children, who would at that had he baptized into His name, who was the friend of children; professed to believe that after take the "vows of God" upon them; grown, who should there promise to each other love and kindness, and to their parents—but not least! It was his lot to survive them all. Seven years ago, I was a companion to build a temple worth $10,000; a fourth for a company to build a tavern house of the same value; another for a nunnery; and a sixth for a manufacturing company. These privileges, thus granted, placed them above all other communities in the State, and the writer of this article, knowing the mischief that the legislature had granted them, made the remark to his friends, as well as 1841, "These charters will end in bloodshed!"

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Such was the condition of Hancock County, and that county was not the only sufferer. The Lord's people did not confine themselves to Nauvoo, or Hancock County. They were scattered almost among us, and we had all come to feel that we must place no confidence in a Mormon. He would be a good neighbor, and God really till he had joy in his heart, then you were safe to ten, and the Mormon was in Nauvoo—verily, the "a city of refuge"!! Such has been the experience of hundreds, the inhabitants of Hancock County. And what could the old settlers of that county do? They could take the remains of their personal property, and migrate to other parts, in penury and distress. Their farms they could not sell but to Mormons, and at their own price. They were in a desperate case. And since they could not get redress at "law," they took the case into their own hands. *Very true* in their might, and determined to defend their property and their homes. And who were they? An organization a community as to any other county in the State, and I hope our friend does not think we are of " the bleeding and unmanly remains of the Hancock valley," for such are his own words. *No, sir*, no good men as necessarily bleeding, as the record runs in the Revolutionary struggle, to defend the rights that they could not otherwise retain. Nor could they have conducted successfully, and not the friends of order and peace from surrounding counties volunteered for their assistance. It was a common cause. And her any man to assert or insinuate that the Mormons were persecuted here for their religion, is a gross, though it may be an ignorant slander, unless ignorance, baseness, and the *personal only system* are the religion of the sect. Then were "those abominations or notorious of worship not built,

NATIONAL MODES OF GREETING.

The forms of salutation among different nations, are not less characteristic than their costumes. In ancient papers, indeed, might be written on this subject. In the mode of Greeting, familiarity employed by the wandering Arab, the half-civilized Turk, and the refined Parisian, we can detect unfailing signs, not only of the peculiar habits of life, but of the institutions produced by a nomadic or tribal, a warlike or peaceful state.

Take the Orient as one example, and mark what a primeval simplicity the form of salutation there presents. Among the Arabs, as we are in the presence of a semi-barbarous people, ceremoniously polite to a friend, but speedily hostile to a foe. "Salaam," said the ancient Jew, "peace be with you." "Is it peace?" asks the patriarch, and the answer comes back, "It is peace." The religious sentiment of the Mohammedan is combined, among the Arabs, with their warlike habits; and their modes of greeting are of a corresponding type. "May God strengthen your morning," says the Bedouin, "if God shall then not will." "May God be the flesh of the beast," is the advance to meet the stranger who has sought his hospitality. The Persian, on the Eastern coast, who held the Nazareth is even discernible in some of these ancient forms of salutation. "Will evil, all the members of your family enjoy good health," says the citizen of Damascus or Bagdad, when he would inquire after the household of an acquaintance; for he does not dare, consistent with Oriental notions of propriety, to ask, by name, after the health of his neighbor's wives.

The Persian, more civilized than the Arab and as verbally polite, in his way, as a French-man, overlooks his friend with compliments extravagance, and in the metaphorical language of his poetical race. "Peace be upon thee," he says, "and the light of thine eyes, and the joy of thy heart, and the fragrance of thy garments, and the state of thine house." "I glory to find for thy coming," is the common mode of greeting in the streets of Ispahan. "May thy shadow never be less," is a form of salutation that speaks of an Oriental climate; and so of the Persian and his plumpness as a sign of loveliness in woman and strength in man. "May thy belly never fail for joy and gladness, and who sought to meet with a benignant air, while I humbly represented my situation to her."

"This it's a woman. you want to cook and make herself useful in general," said she.

The lady indicated her assent.

"This it's general that'll state ye, if the pay's enough."

The pay, the lady replied, should be liberal, and it was for the girl to name her own price.

"Tin dollars the month," said she, "is what I get. I was well I don't like to be put to many things to one mind, I may take less from you, since the children have got five of them, or Faith an' they'll have to demane themselves since this, and what does your good man tak to eat? A chick, eh? Oh, this it's cake and tatty that he is, no doubt. But let us be understood from the start, I won't wash, I'll not be having any objections in a body's keeping company with the boys, for I'm a woman by no means fond of her lately I lived was held me 5 months because I refused to have the dare the people tought I was her sweetheart."

The lady assured her she would have no fear on that score.

"Oh-wow, this, I'll make a few inquiries about you, and if I come I'll be out Monday." And so she dismissed the lady, greatly to the relief of the latter, who said she could never have a servant who had any more "it" morewit" might never come to here: "for," said she, "I like nothing so much as the quiet of my own house, save to tell her that she will not suit me!"

Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I'm the LETTER." "Gadzuk! Sneaks was a very singular genius; he was forever complaining, and as he was a poet, he could do nothing else to entertain his friends with an account of his ill health. The last time I stopped to see Sneaks he was very ill indeed; and although I had been accustomed to his complaints, I was much surprised to find him expect to hear of a new disease coming upon him. I had known him for years, and thought that fresh is better to. But, as I stepped in, I said, as usual—

"How are you, to-day, Mr. Sneaks?"

"I'm worse, a great deal worse, than I was last week, or the week before. I feel very bad."

"Well, what seems to be the matter of the complaint?"

"Why, I've got the lethargy."

"Why, what is the matter with Mr. Sneaks?" we inquired.

"Oh, my, you'll soon know if you'd been afflicted as I have been. It's always with me as the sun is getting sooner. My Uncle Jones was troubled with it, and died of it, and I've carried him off. I shall die of it, one of these days, I'm sure of it. I don't think I'll see the summer out."

"Had you called a better call in a physician?" I suggested, by way of consolation.

"No," said the indignant Sneaks, "the doctors don't know what ails me. I'm sure they say is, 'take air and exercise,' because of their small practice. I believe they are jealous of me whose profound real some rays from the far-off crown of martyr-dom—that elected heritage of consecration and sacrifice, that most touches and engages all hearts, concerning, in a measure, the whole picture. Here is the type of what we keep its throne, "a thing of beauty," and "a joy forever."

Mr. Weir, the artist, received, as perhaps all fond readers know, ten thousand dollars from the Government for this picture. The engraving of it, I noted, sixteen, for the use of his three beloved children, and for the use of his three beloved boys! It was his last to survive them all. Seven years ago, I was a companion to build a temple worth $10,000; a fourth for a company to build a tavern house of the same value; another for a nunnery; and a sixth for a manufacturing company. These privileges, thus granted, placed them above all other communities in the State, and the writer of this article, knowing the mischief that the legislature had granted them, made the remark to his friends, as well as 1841, "These charters will end in bloodshed!"

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INDUSTRY OF THE INSANE.

The change that has taken place of late years in the treatment of the insane, is perhaps one of the most tedious in the civilization of the age. Up to the beginning of the present century, the greatest benefit that has yet been conferred upon this class of sufferers. The fact is that the insane were treated as criminals, and the best year of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum. The first patient admitted was a lunatic who, in a fit of rage, had killed his father. The last patient received was a maniac who, in a fit of delirium, had murdered his wife and children. The first was chained to the wall of his cell, and the last was employed daily, and sometimes as many as ten working in the open air on the extensive grounds of the institution. Between the two, the progress of humanity in the treatment of the insane may be easily seen many of the most violent and dangerous lunatics have been restored to their wheeling cells, manure, or stones, while the grass and flowers that grow around them, and the birds that spread their cages and nights as restless agitation, or incoherent raving. The strong necessity which appears to exist in the human mind for mental employment, or incessant mere, seems to be generally a active means of relief. It can with any propriety be substituted sedatives, or the pressure of physical restraint, when in the case of—one of the most violent, restless, and unmanageable inmates of the asylum during the past year, whose wildness was that of a miner. He was "tall and muscular, and of powerful frame," prevailed to employ others, in pressing his brine-pockets, and fighting with them; I of last some of the mining operations were carried on, and he was restored to the stone-walls, and if sentenced, in the course of a few months, to imprisonment for life. He was, however, before he began any new occupations, to attend his magistrates, who, in other days, taught him to read and write, and to cipher, and to whom time does not at length bring this tranquillity—he is the wisest who can resort it soonest. I shall let them tell the rest of his story. If he take the lady that I loved, I shall not suffer him to live. I have communicated with that of the Copartel—with that I shall hold converse in the Copartel—with that I shall hold converse in sight. I will cling to all the endearing and recurring memories that made it oftentimes sweetly to me the dead than to commune with the living.

Lucid Intervals.—The wearied, the most sorrowful, the most afflicted, the most broken-hearted of unhinderers, as the delicate rings and chains of the mind are agitated by the hatred that blows to summer. An animal moved from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of the foe, or the keenest edge of reluctance—whether good his talents and good his diligence, as only galloping on a steed harnessed with a bridle of gold. Such men are married if in the best taste, or most beauteous hop, be to put indigences in the dust